



EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters: good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. These should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.
Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

TO FIND PEACE AT HOME MAKES IT HEAVENLY

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$250 to first; \$150 to second; \$100 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true,
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength to your utmost need:
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.
Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.
For life is the mirror of king and slave,
The look what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
—Madeline S. Bridges, Norwich.

NOISY METHODS PERPETUATED.

Mr. Editor and Friends of Social Corner: I was amused the other day to hear a younger member of the family ask a near neighbor if she had noticed her circulating library lying about the grass that morning, explaining that her books had been used for ammunition during the small hours of the night, when her slumbers were rudely interrupted by the participants in grand opera beneath her window.
But she said, as there were no remains scattered on the lawn to tell the tale (tail), she presumed her fellow friends had escaped the threatened catastrophe, and retired to gather refreshment and inspiration from food and rest, and the study of cat-o'-noses, in order to be able to return to the scene of their festivities the following night with renewed courage and enthusiasm.

Averts Awful Tragedy.

Timely advice given Mrs. C. Willoughby, of Marango, Wis. (No. 1) prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. Doctors had said her frightful cough was a "consumption" cough and the study of cat-o'-noses, in order to be able to return to the scene of their festivities the following night with renewed courage and enthusiasm.

Is the World Growing Better?

Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and kidney trouble," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. They helped me wonderfully." They'll help any woman. They're the best tonic and blood purifier and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see, 50c at The Lee & Osgood Co.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Will reach your individual case if you have any form of kidney and bladder trouble or urinary irregularities. Try them. The Lee & Osgood Co.

COAL AND LUMBER.

COAL

SOME COAL ORDERS GIVE A FLAVOR TO A WHOLE DAY'S BUSINESS.

A Customer writes, "You may fill my bin with Coal same as last year and year before." Most satisfactory service I have ever had."

Every day or so some such order makes life sweeter for us.

CHAPPELL CO.

Central Wharf and 150 Main Street, Telephone.

LUMBER

COAL

Free Burning Kinds and Lehigh ALWAYS IN STOCK.

A. D. LATHROP,

Office—cor. Market and Shetucket Sts. Telephone 142-12.

CALAMITE COAL

"It burns up clean."

Well Seasoned Wood

C. H. HASKELL.

402 — 'Phone — 489

JOHN A. MORGAN & SON,

Coal and Lumber

Telephone 264. Central Wharf

st. B. holy, transparent and pure. B. dependent, B. Christ-like, and you'll B. secure.

Thank you, Ready, you are very kind; now if there will be a few more volunteers we will certainly have some music at our Social Corner gathering. M. Roena: I enjoyed your story of "Our Visit to the Fair" very much. The day I was there and saw the many thousands of people I thought of your story and wondered how many of the Social Corner folks were there. Please do not leave us, if your new home is ever so far away. It was my privilege once to hear your hubby speak in some revival meetings then being held in our church, and I shall never forget his gracious words.

With these beautiful autumnal days, with their lovely sunsets, I think of these words which I clip from an old scrap book of mine:
If I should linger, linger, when my summer days have flown,
Let me linger like these lovely autumn days,
All the hints of summer flowers into leaf and fruitage blown,
All the sunshine mellowed in the kindly haze.

If I should linger, linger, when my autumn hours wane,
Grant me Indian summer moments to console
Kindly friends who miss the bounty of the sunlight and the rain:
There are sun and rain and harvest in my soul.

Yantic. JIM.

AUNT JULE COMES AGAIN.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: Here I am again. Now, Jim, I take along a few of the old songs. And Ma, you can furnish the chickens. And if Clara of Canterbury will make a cake, Betsy, and the other girls will produce a bunch of those roses of his own cultivating, maybe we won't have a banquet dinner, with music and flowers, and one of those pumpkin pies of

Ready of Leonard Bridge. I tell you it will be all to the mustard.

And now, Ready, come prepared to tell me that interesting story of which you speak, and I will be there to meet you, with bells on, and in return I'll tell you the story of my first batch of bread. Gee! but it was something awful.

Say, Ma, I went over where M. Roena said you were at the fair, and they told me that a new breed of chicken had just come in, and you were talking it over. So, thought I, to myself, "She don't want to say, I know. I'll tell you the story of my first batch of bread. Gee! but it was something awful."

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Be good and you will be happy.

Norwich. AUNT JULE.

READY ENTERTAINS

A GOOD LADY.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: We have been told that you had a kindness shown to me the other day, but as I cannot pass it on I can tell you about it.

It is my pleasure to know a very kind and generous lady. One day she said to me:

"I would like to do something for you."

I replied: "I do not know what there is for you to do. There is something, I would like to do for you."

I asked: "What is it?"

She answered: "I would like to come in and do your washing."

"That is hard work," said I, "and would be too much for you to do."

She said: "No."

So I let her have her way and she came in and did it.

If anyone ever enjoyed doing anything for anyone else, after the washing was done I invited her right in to the parlor and had her sit in the easiest chair, beside me.

It was not too good for her, she had been so kind to me. I offered her refreshments, but she would not take any.

There are such good people in the world if we only know it. I trust my eyes will never be closed to the beauty of the world.

Blue flower that is in blossom now by the roadside and I think it is lovely. I do not know the name of it. (The blue gentian.)

Sister Elizabeth: The wind blows too hard and it is too cold to stand and talk over the fence. Please come in and make yourself at home.

I am so glad to have a little chat with you. Am so glad you wrote, as I felt the loneliness of the house.

Dear Bridge to write. I imagine we are miles apart, but have been drawn near together by the Social Corner. Thank you for the letter.

With you some Sunday, and what a surprise it would be to Jim to know Elizabeth and Ready were in the audience. Well, good-bye.

Dear Grandma: I enjoyed your letter. I love all grandmas. I had two such good ones. I trust you will write often.

Sister Genevieve: I did just what you told us to do. I had a good laugh with you. Just like a man to get in just such a mixup. Your husband must be quite patient. Most men would have thrown them all out of the window before waiting to find out what was in the kitchen.

Must close. With good luck to all. Leonard Bridge.

CLARA'S TIMELY RECIPES.

Dear Editor of the Social Corner: Herewith I send a few tested recipes:

Tomatoes Canned Whole—Choose firm, ripe tomatoes, dip for a moment in boiling water and slip off the skins. In a large kettle place clean glass jars, making a lattice of sticks across the bottom of them so that the tomatoes will not touch.

Pack the tomatoes in the jars, lay on the covers, but do not screw them down. Pour boiling water around the jars up to the neck. Cover the kettle and leave on the range for 20 minutes. Fill each jar to overflowing with boiling water, seal immediately and keep wrapped in brown paper in a cool dark place.

Spice Tomatoes—Take the smallest red tomatoes you can find, prick two or three times with a fork, sprinkle with salt, let stand over night, then pack in glass jars and cover with vinegar prepared as follows: One pint vinegar, one teaspoon clove, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon allspice, one teaspoon pepper, one tablespoon

sugar. Let come to a boil and pour over the tomatoes.

Chili Sauce—Eighteen ripe tomatoes, six onions, three green peppers, one cup sugar, two and one-half cups vinegar, two teaspoons salt, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg and one-half teaspoon ground cloves. Scald and peel tomatoes, then dice onions and peppers and cook tomatoes, onions and peppers until tender. Then add sugar, vinegar and spices and cook 10 minutes longer. Can while hot and seal at once.

Tomato Preserve—To six pounds of ripe, peeled, sliced tomatoes add three pounds of granulated sugar and one good sized lemon, sliced. Put in a large kettle on stove and let cook until it is a rich color and lemon is cooked. If you wish a stronger lemon taste add the juice of another lemon. Stir once in a while to prevent burning.

CLARA OF CANTERBURY.

South Canterbury.

HOW TO FEED AND DOCTOR HENS

Dear Sisters and Brothers: I am very busy, but must take time to tell the sisters I am having luck with trying a good many of the recipes.

Pansy: By the time my chicks are two or three months old I am feeding them on cracked corn, wheat, oats, green food, dry wheat bran, oystershell, sharp grit, with charcoal before them all the time. I feed this way until they are feathered out, when I begin to feed about the same as I do the hens. I put beet scrap, and a little linseed meal in the dry mash which is kept before them all the time. I give them as great a variety as I can.

I think you are feeding altogether wrong. You give too much wet food and too little variety. Of course, the fowls like wet food and mash best. Hens like corn also, but what they'll like best is not best for them with nothing else. They also like a variety which I think they must have.

Well, I think the pastor oil you gave was all right. I kept it on hand all the time, and sometimes give a tablespoonful of linseed oil to a hen.

The symptoms of indigestion are: Droppings are yellow and watery, and combs and wattles are a purplish red. It is caused by overfeeding, too much carbohydrate food, by continuous use of the same foods, by lack of variety, by inactivity and by close confinement. The drinking water is often the cause. It may be allowed to stay in the hot sun until it is unfit to drink. The drinking dishes should be scalded and washed with some good disinfectant.

A new breed of chicken has just come in, and you were talking it over. So, thought I, to myself, "She don't want to say, I know. I'll tell you the story of my first batch of bread. Gee! but it was something awful."

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Anty Drudge on Marriage.



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Miss Dolly Dainty: "I certainly do love James—but he's far too poor for us to get married. I'm not strong enough to do the family washing myself, and we cannot afford a girl."

Anty Drudge: "Get married right away if that's all that stops you. You're plenty strong enough to wash clothes the Fels-Naptha way. Fels-Naptha is easy on the woman; easy on the clothes."

Easy on the woman: easy on the clothes! That, in a nutshell, is the Fels-Naptha way of washing.

Fels-Naptha soap does away with all the hard and disagreeable part of washing clothes. Little rubbing, no steaming suds to bend over, no keeping up fire to boil the clothes, no nauseous odor from cooking soiled garments.

Then, clothes last longer with no boiling to weaken their fiber and no hard rubbing to wear them thin.

Look for the red and green wrapper.

back in such jovial form; and business and home appear to be well-balanced in Ma.

While Ready and Elizabeth and others have been chatting about music amusingly, it has pleased me to see that a Silver Bell has been added to the corner that rings true.

The variety of talent shown by the sisters may be paralleled by some other publications, but I have never seen it excelled.

I send two or three seasonable recipes:

Fried Apples: Take 3 large, sour apples, pare and then core, then cut across in thin slices and fry in hot fat; when done lay on porous paper to drain; then dish and sprinkle with white sugar.

Fruit Compote: Peel and chop fine 3 eating apples; slice fine 3 bananas, mix together. Boil to a syrup one cup granulated or brown sugar with 1-2 cup milk. Flavor with vanilla or juice of 1-2 lemon, according to taste. Pour over fruit and serve cold. Any combination of fruit, oranges and bananas, or oranges and apples, will be found excellent.

Hoping someone will find these recipes useful, I close with good will and good wishes for all members of the Corner.

RUTH.

Decided Right.

Shall the mob sit on the bench or shall the mob stand before it? That is the question which the president has decided, and decided right.—Richmond News-Dispatch.

Mac's Lovely Pipe Dreams.

Norman E. Mack sees a presidential possibility in Governor Dix of New York. Norman should call on a good politician.—Detroit News.

Carrot Pudding: One-half pound bread crumbs, 1-4 pound grated raisins, 1-4 pound currants, 3-4 pound boiled and mashed carrot, 1 cup sugar, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1-4 graded nutmeg, 1-2 cup milk, 1-2 teaspoon salt. Boil carrot and mash fine, add all ingredients, mix well and put in buttered pudding dish. Bake 1 hour.

The Douglas Mixture—Put 8 ounces sulphuric acid in a glass jar. When the iron is dissolved, add one-half fluid ounce of sulphuric acid. It is put every third day into the drinking water, given every two or three days to thirty chickens.

Waterford.

SILVER BELL'S NEAT COMPLIMENTS.

Dear Sweet Sixteen: I wish to tell you that the reason for my not writing has been that I was so busy with my school work. I am in the second year in high school. I board away from home from Monday until Friday. So you see, I have been very busy. I am very glad you could take such a trip and hope you will be able to take another.

Dear Dolly: Your recipes were fine. I know the Social Corner sisters will write you cheery letters this week. I'm sorry I cannot write you more, but I must close for this time. I know you are a dear sister. I have always admired you. Your story was fine.

Sweet Lady: I looked for you and the twins on my way to the fair, but alas! I didn't see you.

Mrs. H. A. and Jessie Laurie, where have you gone? I wonder if you aren't taking your vacations.

I would love to hear from the Wayfarer, as you gave us such good home letters.

With best wishes, SILVER BELL.

Colchester.

J. E. T. GETS CHIDED.

Social Corner Folks: I am very fond of reading, and sometimes become absorbed in a certain part—how time flies.

The Hubby arrives, tea is not ready, oh, my! he comes to the sitting room door and without any expression on his face repeats this little verse to me:

"Aunt Jemima climbed a tree, with a stick to boost her; there she sat, throwing out to our bobtailed rooster," meaning I am about as much account as she.

Then when I hustle tea and it is all over, he often picks up the book or paper and hands it to me and says: "Throw your corn now, if you want to."

So, I had a bad chap, he? Rainbow Nantico has made a shine in my heart. That cake (Fudge) is fine! I ought to say very nice, I suppose, but how lax we grow as age creeps on to our shoulders! But, somehow, my heart feels just as young and I hope all the Social Corner folks will always keep the organ green and well watered with the milk of human kindness. I do look for the Saturday Bulletin—it is my rest after toil.

Yantic, Conn. J. E. T.

RUTH'S SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Editor Social Corner: I do enjoy the letters of the writers for this department, and it affords me pleasure from week to week as well as profit.

I miss the letters of B. B. A. and of Frank, and I often hope life is no fullness of trials and troubles for them than it is for the rest of us.

I am glad to see J. E. T. coming

"He Who Hesitates Is Saved!"



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